

The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

"Tis sweet to view—when orient day
Gilds proudly o'er the eastern sky,
While many a streak of living hue,
Along the high dell's vault of blue,
Majestic is seen;

Then Virtue's beauteous Diadem.
Vet worn, with all her pencil'd light,
Shines not more fair, serenely bright,
Than Virtue's beauteous Diadem.

ELLEN.

I know my claims on thee are few,
And those must cease in lapse of years—
But memory will past scenes renew,
The but to baffle them o'er with tears!
Alas! my spirit ill can bear!

This ling'ring death to hopes so fair!
T'were easier far, to see them crush'd
In sudden ruin, dark and deep—
And every feeling soully hush'd—
Than tive to suffer and to weep?

Like oak's seab'd by the lightning's ray,
For they have known time's slow decay!

But it must be—and I will hide

The feeling thoughts that have been mine,
Will cur'c'stion's flowing tide,
Forego the smiles exchang'd for thine;
And lose in dark oblivion's song,
Almost the memory of them!

My love for thee, thou hast not known—
Nor will thou ever know it now;

For poverty's dark veil is thrown
Around me—and upon thy brow,
Death's lily flourish, all too fair,
My spirit grieves to see them there!

Oh! could I think thy words were true,
Tho' I shall hear them never more,
My lonely heart now would not sue
The hours of anguish that are o'er;

Not those to come yet—since I know,
Dishy strength is bringing low.

Nor grieve so much, when memory turns

The fadels' pages of the past—
And my flush'd cheek with fever burns,
Uncold'd by tears, thy flowing fast;
And my sick heart too plainly feels,
The sounds uncloud, since seem'd to heal.

T'was other objects intervene,
And pekes seem haply hovering by;

Ton off the thought of what has been
Supposed forgot—yet ever nigh,

Introduces upon my soul, and shrouds
Each ray of joy in gloomy clouds.

Now fare well!—and should we meet,
Be still my heart—and cold my brow—

Altho' thy voice, and smile were sweet;

And the last, look or listen now!

As no pulse e'er moved my heart!

March, 1822.

Lives on the death of a Sailor, who died at sea.

His form lay lifeless beneath the wave
And sleeps in the arms of death;

The ocean's storms will no more brave,

For its billows now become his grave,

And received his dying breath.

Yet calm and quiet shall he sleep,

His pillow, the briny sea;

Tho' a mother's tears shall hagge never sleep,

Nor sister, dear o'er his ashes weep;

He still shall remember'd be.

His sad crew mourn for a moment dear,

As their ship glides o'er along;

And still the splash of the water hear

As hardly it grates upon the ear,

When the waves he sank among.

And still his mother she mourns her child,

His sister a brother dear;

And the maid he lov'd, who sweetly smil'd,

Yet mourns for the youth whose sea-tugs wild,

She never again shall hear. EVERAND.

TO IDA.

Accept 'scept! this flowery garland,

And place it on thy beauteous brow;

Two woven in a fragrant fair land,

Where Friendship's purest emblems grow.

Each why refrains sweet girl to take it,

'Tis pure as thy own virgin mind,—

But hark! I pray thee lightly shake it,

To denote its refine'd.

R.

TO SUSAN—True, Vale of Avera.

There is not in enjoyment a pleasure so sweet,

As when two fond hearts in true union meet;

As when two fond lips in love's ardours press,

And joy breathes the tempest that swells in the breast,

Thus Susan, thus! have we oftentimes met,

And thus our hearts to one finding were set;

For I fel so completely our spirits invow,

Our young hearts together were melted by love.

Then he made love, nor whisper, that I am too young,

Time's Claring with hope's faded roses hung;

And perhaps if joy's now're, we pluck not today,

Ere to-morrow can dawn, they may wither away.

PERAMORZ.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me, at morning's dawn,

When Phœbus in gloe appears;

When the morn-tan is winding his bourn,

And the morn-rose, is teeming in tears.

Remember me, at evening's hour,

When the sun is returning to rest;

When quiet, and lone is thy low'r,

And the night-hawk is leaving his nest.

Remember me, at the midnight call,

When the watchman is walking his round;

When peace, reigis sulmine in the hall,

And night can be heard like a sound.

March 7, 1822. D. M. R.

STANZAS—SELECTED.

Oh, what an inconsistent race!

Are those who count thy nose;

Now calm they view grim peevish' face,

Now sink beneath its woes;

Now happier than their fibs all,

They bless the talent given;

Now trim a harmless height they had,

And seem the gift of heaven.

Unhappy if they do not love,

Unhappy if they do,

Over hill and dale of life they rove;

Now too contentment know's;

Now proudly sprouting earthly dross,

They sing their blithest strain;

Now robust of wealth they make its loss,

And a man's court again.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 9, 1826.

WHOLE NO. 193.

PUBLISHED BY ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, NO. 53 MARKET STREET, FOUR DOORS BELOW SECOND STREET.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding 8 square inches, will be taken at 25¢—larger ones in proportion—a liberal deduction made to subscribers.

twisted up the tip of her nose, and glancing at Robert, replied with burlesque solemnity, "Alas, Nobody," what an infant to my name!

HARMONY AND MELODY.

Charles Butler, in his very interesting letter on ancient and modern music, introduces the following anecdote, relating to Mara, an Italian violinist.

Once, in a private society, in company of something that fell in conversation, she sang, without any accompaniment, the simple air in Marcello's Psalm, "I called unto Jehovah, and he did hear my

call; the circumstances, my Butter,

may be thought in strengthen his hypothesis, that harmony is unnatural, and rather weakens, than increases the effect of simple melody."

Mara was particularly distinguished by the manner in which she sang,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mara beyond singing, it was eloquence. She opened it with great solemnity, hope was discrowned; but it was only the dawn of hope—she proceeded, it brightened and expanded;

but when she came to the last repetition of the sentence, the firm and animated confidence, with which she uttered the words "I know," and the jubilation of soul with which she pronounced the words "And in my heart,

I shall see God," no language can adequately tell.

The audience thought not of the air, or of the band, or even of the singer; they only felt the sentiment, and they felt it in all its sublimity."

The same writer makes the following remarks on the subject of a musical taste among females in England.

"Let any one, who lives on terms of intimacy with a professor of real merit, ask of him, confidentially, his genuine sentiments on the taste for music in this country; he will confess, that it has seldom occurred to him, to find, in large boarding schools, two who had a real ear for music. After all, supposing the Captain of the Packet, and stepped on board the Yacht "as one having authority."

The Yankee marched up to him as "smug as a minnow," and asked his name and capacity—the reply was, "I am Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda."

"You are?"

"I am, and I declare your vessel to be a good prize."

"Well," replied the American Captain.

"You are the very man I wished to see—have you a knife?"

At this the dandy gentleman made a retrograde motion, to get out of the way of one whom he thought insane—but on assurance that he should not be harmed, he, at arms length, presented him a poniard, with which the Yankee ripped open the top of his boot and drew from thence a British license. Never was there seen countenance more chop-fallen, than those of the Prize master and Co.

The paper was strictly examined and found to be authentic—the appearance of alibis was wonderfully changed.

"And now," said the Yankee with a sneer,

"Mr. Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda,

with your permission, I will dress and wait on your master."

The Captain of the Packet gathered himself up and departed, sensible of the "slip between the cup and the lip," in his journey.

The Secretary politely accompanied the Captain to the Governor's residence—the cargo was sold at an enormous profit, as provisions were in great demand—the Captain of the British Packet sent him an equivalent for the goods taken out, at Bermuda prices—and from being a captured vessel and the crew prisoners, she was changed to a welcome visitor with friendly freight—but the money paid for the purloings of the Prize Master, was returned, with an assurance that the beef and butter was paid for in towsing, as without the disinterested assistance of his Majesty's Packet the Yacht would have found the bottom of the ocean much sooner than the Island of Bermuda!

NOBODY'S COMPLAINT.

Aye, Nobody—and why not?—As for my single self, I see no just cause or impediment why my name and a newspaper should not be joined together, in the tenacious bands of scribbling wedlock, as any other body. There is your Busybody, and your Anybody, and your Somebody, and your Everybody—each in his turn runs the race of typographical notoriety, whilst, is, who boast a pedigree at great, nay, being eldest of the Hoo family, of greater antiquity than either, am doomed to grope through the labyrinth of mere verbal consequence. Against such unequal distribution of rights among brethren of the same principle, and of the same texture, I solemnly protest and more especially against the unallowable profanation of my good name and character. Yes, in my own proper capacity I am tenacious to defend both; and, contrary to certain dogmas, of philosophers, prove, that I, Nobody, possess the fundamental principles of a real body, or matter! insomuch as I occupy space, to width, length and breadth, though as for depth I don't contend.

All my enemies—that is, all the world, utterly daily calumnies on my fame—Ought I not then to avenge it?

Says Good Gaffer, "Robert! you will be the ruin of your family—carousing it every night. Who was with you last night?" "With me, mother—nobody."

Little master lets fall a glass—it breaks in comes the nut—! Surail! who did this?" "Nobody!"

Miss has a lover—he stays late—next morning a female friend gets a hint of it—for the balmy breeze whispers these things to the sex—she calls on her and after some chit-chat, dryly observes, "why really Mollina, you seem indisposed to day—I fear you rested ill last night!—On! who I think of it, privately what rule creature kept you up so unreasonably! Hush! hush me up! (stammering and croaking) why—why—"Nobody" when I'd swear by the ghost of a shadow that I never saw the house.

Hobart's No-Dedication.—Hogarth wrote a

History of the Arts which he intended to publish as a supplement to the Analysis of Beauty,

and even went so far as to write the dedication for it, which was as follows:

"The No-Dedication, not dedicated to any

Prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance; and not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too assuming, not dedicated to any learned body of men, or any of the Universities, or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity; nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another; therefore dedicated to nobody; but for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, is every body often said to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to everybody."

"By their most humble and devoted

"WILLIAM HOGARTH."

COLLECTANIA.

Soup.—The French are generally partial

to all kinds of soup, and always prefer the

juices of animal substances to the meat itself;

half inclined to jump out after it; while others, great voices from the window to the door, and from the door back to the window again, and throwing both his hands deeply into his coat pockets, aware violently never to write again.

ADVICE TO MECHANICS.

All the benefit there is in possessing money is the use of it.

If you are a man of industry and frugality, you may have the use of one hundred dollars a year for six dollars.

He who spends six cents per day idly, spends twenty-one dollars and ninety cents in a year, which is equal to the interest of three hundred and fifty-five dollars.

He who wastes six cents worth of time a day, upon an average, throws away the privilege of using three hundred and sixty-five dollars a day.

He who loses a day, loses seventy-five cents, calculating the price of labor and exchange, which is the same in effect as though he had flung seventy-five cents into the river. He who loses seventy-five cents not only loses the principal, but all the advantage of employing it in trade, which in a few years will amount to a considerable sum. Further, the man who sells upon credit, demands a price for what he sells equal to the principal and interest for the time the payment of his money is delayed. Therefore, he who purchases upon credit, pays interest upon what he purchases, and he who pays down for what he buys might have put his money at interest, so that he who has every thing to gain by paying down for what you buy—for the tradesman who sells upon credit, charges a certain per cent. (say from four to six) for bad debts to those he gives credit, which is not shared by him who pays at the time of the purchase.

From the New-York National Advocate.

One who signs his name Jonathan, in your paper of Tuesday last, and whom I take to be a person no better than he should be, vapours mightily at the trifling civilities lately shown by my husband, John Bull, towards our daughter, and grand-daughters, in America. A plague on such a meddling, officious jack-snaps, say I, let him look to his own affairs, and not poison the family affections of other people.

Whenever I offer to patronise the lineal offspring of my body, and chuck the darling under the chin, out steps some mischievous scold, and reviles me with hypocrisy and bull-headedness. The truth is, that Mr. Bull and myself are now waxing old, and we look to our children with parental fondness for support and comfort. We are willing to forget and forgive the follies of youth. All the world knows how cruelly our daughter marred our hopes in marrying that sturdy beggar, with a liberty cap on his head. The fellow fairly turned the dear child's brain, by talking about his Grecian and Roman pedigree, and reviling the ancient discipline of our family. It was no wonder that she was seduced, by his sophistry, to renounce her allegiance to her kind-hearted old parents, and set up a separate establishment. But it must be confessed that the fellow has made her a good husband, and our old hearts yearn to embrace our strapping grand-daughters, who, we are assured, resemble us very nearly, both in person and temper. I wish to call your attention to a rank imposter, who has lately published a book called "John Bull in America," he has not a drop of the blood of the Bull in his veins, and I am resolved to punish his stupidity and malice, by ordering him to be whipt and set in the stocks, the moment I can lay hands on him. This good man, Dolt, has the impudence to justify his abominations, by the authority of the Quarterly Review, a journal which has long been under the superintendence of Mr. Gifford, who, with a view to flatter our ancient prejudices, did, on one or two occasions, attempt to hold up our family in America to ridicule. Let me tell you, that Mr. Gifford, missed his aim, and has been punished for his impertinence by our signal displeasure. He has ceased to be the conductor of that orthodox monthly, and has returned to his old trade of shoemaking. I hope our dear children will carefully eschew such bad advisers, and grow up in duty and affection to their old parents, who have so long taken every care to amend their minds and morals, by sending to America series of excellent books. The late accounts from them, by persons who have travelled, attest us very much—our ambassador, Mr. Stratford Canning, assures us that a fairer family of healthy and industrious young women cannot be found, but that they are a little behind hand in some of the more exquisite accomplishments of England, and are prone to run after different preachers and sects. I wish they would write home for an archeologist or two, to set them right, but all in good time. When I think of these dear creatures of my love, I cannot help regretting our long and broken separation, which has been caused by misrepresentation and evil disposed persons. How impudent is it, therefore, in this pretended Jonathan, to check the flow of our parental feelings, and fall to railing merely because our trusty secretary, Mr. George Canning, dutifully toasted "the mother and daughter around the world."—Really, sir, the sentiment went to my heart! I thought my dear old husband, Mr. Bull, would have gone mad for joy, when he heard it; he swore it was true, and that he was willing to make it good against the Holy Alliance, or any other alliance in the universe. I remain, my dear children, your truly affectionate parent,

MOTHER BULL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To the Mechanics, Artisans, and Manufacturers of Pennsylvania.

FAREWELL CARRIERS.—It is a fact which I make no doubt has often come under your observation, that almost every class of society in this state has its journal.

The medical faculty have their "Medical Recorder," the law have numerous reports of cases before their "Journal of Jurisprudence," the merchants have their "Price Current," and their "Mercantile Advertiser," the agriculturists have their "Memos of the Agricultural Society"; besides these, the Philosophical Society have their "Transactions," the academy of Natural Sciences have their "Journal," and many others that might be named.

But it is not less true that remarkable, that the mechanics, artisans, and manufacturers of the state of Pennsylvania, have never had a periodical paper devoted to them. What is the reason of this deficiency? Do the mechanics of this commonwealth form a part of the community less valuable than those that have been enumerated? This, I believe, no well informed person will venture to affirm.

They are not only called upon to select persons to fill the most important offices; but a large portion of them are, themselves, yearly placed in the most responsible and honorable public situations. In this city you meet the moral and scientific artisan in the first circle, so that mechanics have arrived at that degree of perfection that no further light can be shed upon them? No. For though we must acknowledge that the useful arts have, within the last half century, taken more rapid strides towards improvement than the human mind, at an anterior period, could have anticipated, yet it is apparent that they are still advancing in their course, and have not arrived at the goal of perfection. Nor is it that the mechanics of this state have less liberality than in other parts of the union; the bare inspection of the numerous subscriptions for charitable, patriotic, and literary and charitable institutions, that are annually circulating amongst us, will refute any such charge. Is not then

because no capable person has hitherto arisen, to publish a periodical work devoted to mechanics, artisans and manufacturers; and they themselves have made no exertions to have one established, merely because, what is the business of every one, all are apt to neglect?

Formerly it was believed that the Pennsylvanians were a slow, but a mere people. That they were difficult to set in motion; but when moved, generally acted with effect. It has been said of them, as has been said of the law, "they have leaden feet, but iron hands," and the observation was not entirely destitute of foundation. How many years passed on while the mechanics of Philadelphia were experiencing and deplored the want of a popular school for scientific instruction? Every body talked of it every one acknowledged it would be of infinite use, while no one made the slightest attempt towards its establishment. A town meeting was called, and in a few days "The Franklin Institute" sprang into operation, and now, in its second year, with your patronage, is in the most flourishing condition. But recently, Pennsylvania has proved herself to be in prompt in movement as effectual in action. There is no country in the world where the mass of the people read as much as they do in America; there is scarcely a mechanic of any repute in this city or liberties who does not take a newspaper; some two. It cannot be possible then, that a well conducted periodical work, calculated peculiarly for the instruction of Mechanics, Artisans, and Manufacturers, will be refused encouragement. No. It will receive a liberal patronage!

The principal difficulty hitherto has been, to make a judicious choice of a person to edit such a work; but this difficulty has been overcome. He should be a man of education and talents, particularly versed in Natural Philosophy and Mechanics, to enable him to write original essays on subjects connected with the arts. He should be possessed of industrious habits; for he must collect from foreign and domestic journals every thing that will tend to improve the mind of the artisan. He should be a man of quick apprehension and ready with his pen, so that he might catch the heads of a lecture, to present to his readers. He should be a man of the strictest integrity, devoted to their interest, that he might enjoy the confidence of his fellow citizens.

The gentleman who has been appointed Professor of Mechanics in the Franklin Institute, possesses all these qualifications, and has been prevailed on to dedicate them to your service. He deserves your gratitude, and I further myself will receive your liberal patronage. His journal will be published under the auspices of the Institute, and will consist, not only of their transactions, but such essays and information as their professors, managers, and members, and all others, shall contribute.

For my own part, I cannot entertain a doubt but it will be an instructive and amusing work, and earnestly recommend it as such to your attention.

Your obedient servant,

P. A. BROWNE,
Corresponding Secretary to the Franklin Institute.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lines on Mr. CHARLES JAMES KENT ON, who died in New Orleans, on the 1st of March, 1810, in the ninth year of his age.

O! death, cruel tyrant! how sad is thy sway,
For the faithful and aged like are thy prey!

The bad which thou promisest the favors of spring,
And the sea, and sun, alike thy sharp scathing sting.

Why should we mourn those that are gathered by thee,
And the purest of souls thy stark victims be?

Far, far from his kindred he yields his breath,

He is freed from his woe by the mild laws of death.

O! it is task me unhappy, to watch the last ray
Of life, from a friend, like a frosty evening star;

But it is easier to learn that in strange land he died,

And no kin nor friends here thronging die supplied,

Yet the virtues I have ever seen dying friend.

Who in each scene of life stills their steps dash about;

And whose widow oft calls to remembrance of her loss,

When their souls seem too heavy for a star world like this?

Let his friends no more grieve for thee hav'd one laid low,

Nor the bereavement be how'd down in woe;

It is sad, in obituary, Heaven's high word,

How dwells with the dead ones who die in the Lord."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AERIAL FLIGHTS—No. 4.

Come true the shoreless sea of light,

Where countless worlds like islands aught

Float through a lucid, endless tide,

And seem to purely floods to glide.

Too pure for ill a climate like this,

Too far for gloom its scenes of bliss,

But too pure for smiles of love,

In this blest scene through which we rove.

For love's a pure and holy thing,

Though stain'd earth by sorrowing:

Though there deceit may dim its flame,

The bright Heaven—from whence it came.

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THE NEW-YORK MERCANTILE ADVERTISER. speaking of the rise, says: "The news from England by the end of the continued advance in the price of cotton, and an improvement in almost every article of merchandise, has produced a corresponding excitement and activity in our market. Some of our merchants will realize handsome fortunes by the advance of cotton in their hands. Expresses were again despatched in several directions to operate in other markets."

SCARCITY OF WATER AT ST. THOMAS. Captain Horton, of the brig Emily, arrived at Charleston on the 25th ult., from St. Thomas, reports, that from the extensive injury done to the cisterns and wells, by the late calamitous fire at that place, water was very scarce, and had been selling at eight dollars per hogshead. Lumber was also in great demand at St. Thomas, and the Governor had issued a proclamation forbidding a higher price than \$28 per M. being demanded for it.

The Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was prorogued by the Lieut. Governor on the 21st ult., by a speech from the throne. A dispute between the two branches of the provincial Parliament, which had lasted fifteen years, concerning the expenditures of the province, was amicably terminated by the adoption of both houses of a law granting the supplies of the year, which has received the sanction of the Lieut. Governor. Several measures were adopted during the session for making important improvements in the internal communications of the province, and of the neighboring provinces.

The number of deaths in the city of New-York during the year 1824, was 4341—of which 1244 were men; 1204 were boys; 887 were women, and 1006 were girls. The whole number of deaths by consumption was 756; by convulsions, 231; by dropsy, 377; by scurvy, 120; by hives or crop, 139; by intercurrence, 70; by measles, 100; by Small Pox, 84—by whooping cough, 116; stillborn, 250. Of persons of colour the whole number of deaths was 718.

From the 1st January, 1824, to 1st January, 1825, there were 1059 deaths in Charleston; of which 236 were by yellow fever, and 101 by consumption.

One hundred and eleven gentlemen received their degrees, on Tuesday morning last, as Doctors of Medicine, from the University of Pennsylvania. The commencement was held in the Musical Fund Hall, before a large audience of citizens and invited public bodies. The band of the Marine Corps performed during the intervals of the ceremony. After the commencement, the graduates, and many invited guests, partook of an excellent collation in the lower apartment.

On Monday morning last, the annual commencement of the Medical College, Baltimore, was held in the Lecture Hall of the University of Maryland, in the presence of a most numerous and respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. At half past eleven, the graduates to the number of seventy-one, entered the Hall, accompanied by the Medical and other Professors of the University.—After the delivery of a Prayer by the Provost, the Right Reverend Bishop Kemp, the graduates were separately examined on the subjects of various theses, when it was announced that the prize-medal for the best written thesis was awarded to —— Gasaway, Esq. The diplomas were then severally delivered to the graduates, and the ceremonies of the occasion were closed by an appropriate and fitting address from the Provost.

GEN. LAFAYETTE. The Savannah papers contain delightful accounts of the reception which the good LAFAYETTE met with in that patriotic city, where he arrived on Saturday, the 19th ult., accompanied by the Governor of the state of South Carolina, his Military Aids, and other distinguished gentlemen. He was received at the landing place by the Mayor, and on reaching the Bluff, was welcomed by Governor TAFT. It has been utterly impossible for us to find room for the many pertinent and touching addresses and answers which have passed between the General and the constituted authorities to the South; but there is something so peculiar and characteristic in the address of Governor TAFT on this occasion, and it is so brief, that we make it an exception. It was in the following words:

"GENERAL.—Tis little more than ninety years since the founder of this state first set foot upon the land on which you stand. Now, four hundred thousand people open their arms to receive you. Thanks to a kind Providence, it called you to the standard of Liberty in the hopelessness of our early Revolution—it has preserved you, that, in your latter day, the glory of a great empire might be reflected back upon you, and the acclamations of millions. The scenes which are to come will be for you, comparatively tranquil and placid—they will be no more of dungeons—no more of foyers of tyrants. Oh Sir! what a consolation for a man who has passed through such seas of trouble, that the millions of bayonets which guard the blessings we enjoy, will stand between you and them. But enough. Welcome, General—Welcome, thrice welcome to the state of Georgia."

There was a gallant military array on the occasion, in which many appeared in the ranks who had thought never again to wear the soldier's garb. There was a reception by the municipal authority, a great public dinner, an illumination, an address of the French citizens, a lecture in the evening, a visit by the officers, an attendance of church on Sunday, a great dinner by the Governor. On Monday the General was to lay the corner stone of the Monuments about to be erected to the memory of Generals GREENE and POLK, and to leave Savannah on the same evening at 5 o'clock, not being able, from his engagements, to stay to a splendid Hall to take place that evening, in honor of his visit.

It is understood that it is the intention of the General to reach Louisville, Kentucky, early in May. Mr. Clay, it is said, will repair thither to receive the General, and for that purpose, will leave Washington about the close of the present month.

It is well known, says a Charleston paper, that La Fayette, when he came to deliver North America from a foreign yoke, embarked first on our shores, in the vicinity of this city. It is not so well known, but it is a singular coincidence, that General Bolivar, on his way to achieve the liberties of South America in the year 1808, landed first in Charleston, from a vessel from France.

STATE LEGISLATURE. Both Houses have agreed to adjourn finally, on Tuesday, the 12th instant.

The Lackawanna coal and canal bill has passed both Houses, and received the signature of the governor.

A bill has passed the House of Representatives, authorizing an immediate loan of \$60,000 dollars for the next months, and a five percent stock loan of \$50,000 dollars.

A bill is before the House to prevent the same person holding the office of Alderman or Justice of the Peace and Associate Judge.—When the bill was under consideration, in committee of the whole, Mr. Sutherland, (Speaker) moved an amendment, going to make the office of Register or Recorder incompatible with that of Alderman.

On the second reading of the bill, it was

postponed for one week, which amounts to negative it, by a vote of 37 to 33.

In the Senate, on Monday week, Mr. W. H. SMITH spoke several hours in support of the articles of impeachment against Judge PARKER. General SMITH is one of the managers appointed by the House to conduct the impeachment. Geo. B. POWERS, Esq., as counsel for the Judge, occupied two or three hours in reply, and would resume his speech again. In the House, the committee charged with the case of Judge POWERS recommended articles of impeachment against him.

The canal commissioners' bill was referred to a grand committee, of which Mr. LASKERMAN is chairman.

The Raritan and Delaware canal bill has passed both branches of the Legislature.

Green-Room Intelligence.

Mr. Warren's speech, on Monday evening, yielded him near \$1000 clear. We have pleasure in noticing this evidence of the discrimination of our play-going citizens, in rewarding the talents and deservings of a worthy citizen and first rate comedian.

Mr. Cooper performed the new character of Alasco, at the Baltimore theatre, on Wednesday evening, it being the last but one of his engagement there. The Circus in that city, we are advised, is about closing.

The equestrian performances continue to attract very full houses at Boston. No pains are spared by Messrs. Tammell & Co. Managers, to render the Circus a place of amusement and interest. The new mela-drama of the Cataract of the Ganges, or the Rajah's Daughter, was got up for the first time, on Monday evening, in a superior manner, particularly by the display which was made with superb dresses and splendid scenery.

The Boston Theatre at present commands the talents of Messrs. Barnes, Finn, and Brown, and Mrs. Barnes and Henry. The play of the *Sisterhood*, is spoken of as having been represented with peculiar effect and skilful delineation of character by the company, on a late occasion.

The managers of the Charleston Theatre have in preparation a new Drama, entitled *Patriotism, or, the Fatal Forgery*, the principal incidents of which are drawn from actual occurrences in the life of the ill-fated London Banker, whose name it bears.

By the particular request of the citizens of Charleston, Mr. Booth was to have performed the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," on the 29th ult.

The "billing and cooing" of Mr. Hayne and Miss Poole continue to be the subject of remarks in the London papers. It is said to be very attentive to her, and to have purchased a large number of tickets at her benefit; and she is stated to be "nothing but" on account of his attentions. The lease of the Dublin theatre had offered her 1000 guineas to perform 14 nights in that city.

Mr. Mathews, the comedian, was advertised in the London papers as "at home" in his new entertainment of the *Memorandum Book*.

Much has been said of the power of imitative harmony; but at this age of philosophical experiment it is about to be put to a decisive test. A London composer intends to set a *south ake* to music, and has little doubt of being able to make every hearer recognize the twangs distinctly in his own jaw.

French imagination is wonderfully poetic—one hundred and ninety seven new dramas were produced in Paris in 1824.

Mrs. Goutts, of London, the widow of the Banker, gave a Concert on the first night that Madame Catalani appeared after her return to England, which was followed by a supper, the cost of which was estimated at two thousand pounds sterling.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1825.

To READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cala's" poem the "Manie," has an objection which will exclude it from our columns for an indefinite period, and that is its length. It possesses considerable interest, but we are in possession of so numerous and increasing a collection of original poetry, that in making selections, we must be excused if a preference be given to those in which the greatest interest is combined in the smallest space. We are aware that this rule would be in many cases unwise, and operate to the exclusion of much that is valuable; but in a miscellaneous sheet of this character, an exception may be made, since it possesses several advantages, among which the opportunity it affords of distributing its room to all our correspondents more equally, and presenting a greater diversity and gratification, for its readers, than would be the case of a single poem.

"MASTER HUBARD."—There has been no public exhibition, in this city, within our recollection, which for novelty and the display of manipulated natural abilities, could compare with the singular endowments possessed by Master Hubard, who at present, receives visitors at the Masonic Hall, Chestnut street. The short space of time which he occupies in the execution of a likeness of any subject, and the perfect representation he gives of nature, seems to be an unaccountable delusion, wholly unsupported by the course of ordinary events, and forms a most delightful and amusing spectacle, worthy the admiration of both philosophers and statesmen. The various portraits, and scenes from domestic life, of landscapes, and figures of animals, &c. &c. from the cuttings of this infatuated artist, which are tastefully arranged in the large saloon of the Hall, with the full and particular notes of that grand musical instrument, the *Panharmonicon*, which plays every evening, gives the place a character as a tremendous, rendered peculiarly attractive by the numerous parties, consisting of the community, who resort here for the double gratification of hearing one of the finest instruments of noise in the country, and possessing themselves with a pretty display of wit and ingenuity.

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Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ILLUSTRATION—No. 1.
A HIGH TEMPER.

For temper high, I know of none,
That can compare with Sally Stur;
And therefore she will do to show,
The cause of many a woman's woe;
She's one who never can be still,
When disappointment checks her will;
But if she runs against a chair,
And hits herself—no matter where—
Achick for the poor chair, it gets
The full overflows of her fits;
Slam! bang! she hurls it on the floor,
Or breaks its legs against the door;
"Ho! how does that feel?" loud she cries,
While victory sparkles in her eyes;
See! there she goes to crack a nut,
The breaker high in air was puff,
Her potent arm uplifted, bended,
The hammer on the nut descended,
The nut flies sideways? "O! my hand!"
I view there aye in all the land,
Such an old hammer, there, take that!
You nasty, dirty, iron brat!"
She throws it up against the wall,
And then sets down to laugh or bawl;
In such like fits can there be merit?
O' yes, may some it shows a spirit!
The spirit of old nick, and so,
It would be well were it brought low.

TIMOTHY.

THE LITTLE, but very handsome Lady.
Where any thing abounds we find,
That nobody will have it;
But when there's little of the kind,
Then all the people crave it.

If wives are evil as 'tis known,
And frequently confes'd,
The man who's wise will surely own,
A little one is best.

The god of love's a little wight,
But beautiful as thought,
Then too art little—fair as light,
And every thing—in short.

O happy fair! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song;
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Messrs. Editors—You will oblige a subscriber by inserting this enigma for solution.

It was living on earth our creation began,
Was not made by God, but created by man.
It is seen through the vista of years that are fled;
It is seen by the blind; it is fed by the dead.
It is seen through the vista of years that are fled;
It is seen by the dead, and is seen by the dead.
It was once made of wood, that ages had lain.
Deep, fathomless sunbeams of beneath the wide seas.
What the ocean was, was seen, in its depth of the sea.
When the moon rises, her beams, in her chariot of light,
It comes down with her beams to enliven the night.
It is one moment real, in the same instant green;
In the same instant it is gone, and is seen no more.
From the earth it will rise, to return to its station;
In the womb of an eye, on the verge of creation.
In the deepest dark night, when no light meets the eye;
It is seen as it comes the regions on high.
By the poet, "Ye men of iron," to whom he gave pain,
And whose power gave him, will return to his gain.
Appearing to right for the truth that I print,
You are sure to guess wrong, if you chance to guess right.

A PUZZLE.

Two thirds of three fourths of one third of a dozen
of good Easter eggs I took to my cousin,
The third and half third I instantly gave
To Peter, my brother, to put by and save.
If you can discover the remainder that's left,
For your trouble I'll give them unto yourself.

PHILIP.

To the ingenious Correspondents of the Saturday Evening Post.

A and B purchase 800 acres of land, in partnership, and each of them paid \$60000, and when they came to divide it, it was judged that the part A was to have, was worth 75 cents per acre more than the part B was to have. Now the number of acres that each was to have is required.

Answer to the Correspondent—Required is one-fourth.
The bark is worth more than the trunk.
Both are at a stand.
No body—nobody.
Both are always welcome.

R.

Honey Moon.—It was the custom of the higher orders of the Teutons, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the honey moon." Attila, King of Hungary, drank so freely of this liquor on his wedding day, that he was found suffocated at night, and with him expired the empire of the Huns.

Henry IV. having bestowed the Cordon bleu on a nobleman, at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the collar was put on, the nobleman made the customary speech—"Sire, I am not worthy." "I knew it well," said the King; "but I give you the order to please my cousin de Nevers."

A Remedy for Grief.—The Marshal de Montchy maintained, that the flesh of pigeons possessed a consoling virtue. Whenever this nobleman lost a friend or a relation, he said to his cook, "Let me have roast pigeons for dinner to-day—I have always remarked that after having eat two pigeons, I rose from table much less sorrowful."

The Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by the Duchess to take some medicine; she, with her usual warmth, added, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable"; Mr. Garth, being present, said, "Do take it, then, my lord, for it must be of service one way or the other."

President Washington was the most punctual man in his observances ever known to the writer. He delivered his communications to Congress, at the opening of each session, in person. He always appointed the hour of twelve at noon, for this purpose; and he never failed to enter the Hall of Congress while the State house clock was striking that hour. His invitations to dinner were always given for four o'clock. P. M. He allowed five minutes for the variation of time pieces, and he waited no longer for any one. Certain lagging members of Congress sometimes came in when dinner was nearly half over. The writer has heard the President say to them, with a smile, "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you; I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but always whether the hour has come."

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.

We have heard hundreds of complaints from our subscribers, respecting their troublesome neighbors; but have never been able to hit upon a plan to remove the cause of the evil—which is nothing more nor less in nine cases out of ten, than the sin of covetousness.

There are thousandfold persons possessed of houses and lands and much goods, who are so poor in spirit, that they depend on their neighbor,

who are in moderate circumstances, to furnish them with newspapers. We have even had some of our subscribers discontinue their papers for a time, because they could not obtain them until a dozen neighbors had read them; and in many cases the subscribers suffered a total loss. A subscriber who has been much harassed and vexed by newspaper borrowers has sent us the following note, which shows that he is resolved to afford his neighbors' still greater accommodations.

Mr. PRINTER.—Please send me until further orders, six papers weekly, so that I may be able to serve five of my rich neighbors at once, and have one paper for myself and family.

A FRIEND TO THE PRINTER.

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